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JIM BLUDSO

OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE,

AND

LITTLE BREECHES.

By JOHN HAY.



BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

In Press.



CASTILIAN DAYS.

By JOHN HAY.



JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., PUBLISHERS.

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I'LL HOLD HER NOZZLE AGIN THE BANK.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. EYTINGE, JR.



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LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE illustrations which accompany this edition of these popular ballads have been made under the author's eye, and have received his approval.

JIM BLUDSO,
OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Becase he don't live, you see ;
Leastways, he 's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you have n't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?



I CAN'T TELL WHAR HE LIVES.

Jim Bludso.

He were n't no saint, — them engineers

Is all pretty much alike, —

One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill

And another one here, in Pike ;

A keerless man in his talk was Jim,

And an awkward hand in a row, —

But he never flunked, and he never lied, —

I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —

To treat his engine well ;

Néver be passed on the river ;

To mind the pilot's bell ;

And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire, —

A thousand times he swore

He 'd hold her nozzle agin the bank

Till the last soul got ashore.



HE WEREN'T NO SAINT.





I NEVER AIN'T HAD NO SHOW.

LITTLE BREECHES.



I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show ;
But I 've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing, —
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

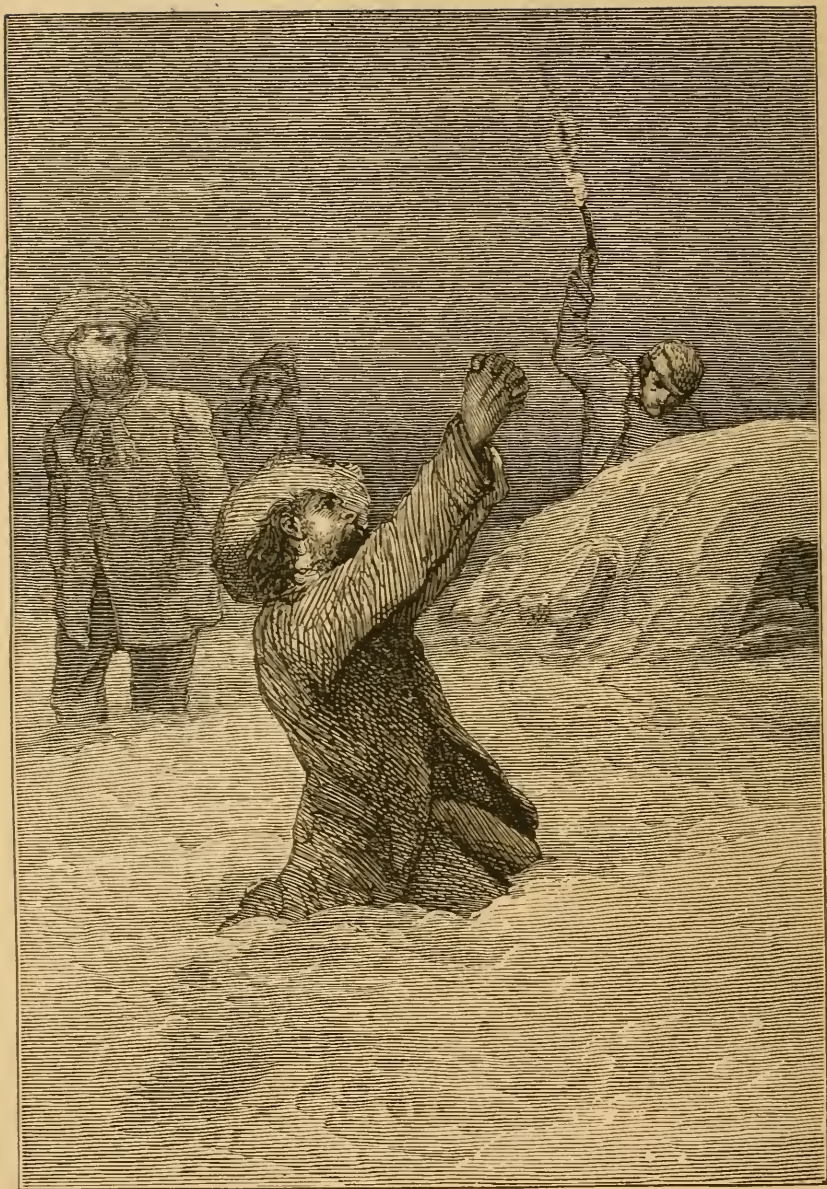


I HEARD ONE LITTLE SQUALL.

Little Breeches.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along, —
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight, —
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started, —
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.



I JEST FLOPPED DOWN ON MY MARROW-BONES.

Little Breeches.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!

I was almost froze with skeer;

But we roused up some torches,

And sarched for 'em far and near,

At last we struck hosses and wagon,

Snowed under a soft white mound,

Upsot, dead beat, — but of little Gabe

No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,

Of my fellow-critter's aid, —

I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,

Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

.

By this, the torches was played out,

And me and Isrul Parr

Went off for some wood to a sheepfold

That he said was somewhar thar.



AND THAR SOT LITTLE BREECHES AND CHIRPED.

Little Breeches.

We found it at last, and a little shed

Where they shut up the lambs at night.

We looked in and seen them huddled thar,

So warm and sleepy and white ;

And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped,

As peart as ever you see,

"I want a chaw of terbacker,

And that 's what 's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.

He could never have walked in that storm.

They jest scooped down and toted him

To whar it was safe and warm.

And I think that saving a little child,

And bringing him to his own,

Is a derved sight better business

Than loafing around The Throne.

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